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Autumn.

IT is November. Summer has done her work — she has gone to southern climes, and left her leaves and her stalks, her fruits and her flowers, to the tender mercies of autumn! Alas! how like faded belles, and antiquated, dissipated dames, after a night of carousal, do the sere, yellow, frost-bitten leaves and flowers appear after having felt the frosty kiss of November!

But this sounds sentimental. Nay, I

doubt not that our little black-eyed Paul Spry, in the corner there, thinks it all nonsense, incomprehensible stuff and fustian. What does he see in autumn, but walnuts and chestnuts, and squirrels and rabbits, and quails and partridges? What does he think of but rambling over hill and dale — going through dell and dingle, brier and bramble, thicket and marsh, fell and forest — in quest of game, and nuts, and all that sort of thing?

My little friend Paul is the very personification of all-seeing, all-hearing, all-feeling youth. And yet he sees nothing sad or melancholy in autumn. The grisly ghosts that flit before the eye of age, in the season of falling leaves, are invisible to him. Good! Come along, Paul—you shall be my companion, and I will see autumn, this time, with your eyes. I cannot chase rabbits or partridges—we will leave such sports to the huntsman yonder, with his pointers; but I will follow in the boy's track—stop when he stops—shout when he shouts—and, in short, try to catch something of that “incense-breathing morn” of youth, now gone from me forever! So, go ahead, Paul: I'll come as fast as this old stump of a leg will allow!

Wonders of the Honey-Bee.

[Continued from p. 105.]

CHAPTER IV.

Different Kinds of Bees.—Queen Bee.—Different Lengths of Bees.—Mode of distinguishing young from old Bees.—Mode of feeding young Bees.—Peculiarities of the Queen Bee.—Method of providing a new Queen when one is lost.—Swarms led forth by old Queens.—Attention paid to Queens.—Effects of withdrawing Queens from Hives.—Manner in which a Queen destroys her Rivals.—Anecdotes related by Huber.—Working Bees.—Number of Bees in a Swarm.—Mode of ascertaining their Number.—Different Offices of the Working Bees.—Their wonderful Industry.

THE following evening, Mr. Ross resumed the conversation with his family on the subject of the honey-bee.

“Last evening,” he observed, “our

attention was confined chiefly to the anatomy of the bee. This evening we will examine the different kind of bees, and some of the habits which are peculiar to each. Bees associate together in hives, or colonies. The word *hive* may denote either the box or habitation appropriated to them, or the colony itself. It is often applied to both.

“Each colony, or swarm, is a separate and independent community. It contains, if perfect, three kinds of bees—one female, males, and workers. The female is the queen, and I will first tell you about her.

“The queen bee differs from the other bees in several respects. She is longer than either the males or workers, being about eight lines and a half in length, while the males are seven, and the workers but six. A line is the twelfth part of an inch. Now, Master James, I will give you a sum. What part of an inch is a working bee?”

James.—A line is the twelfth part of an inch—a working bee is six lines long—therefore it is six twelfths—six twelfths is one half.

Mr. Ross.—Very well. A working bee is half an inch long. Generally, I think their length somewhat exceeds this, especially those which are hatched in new comb; for in every succeeding year, the bees plaster over the comb to cleanse it, which has the effect to lessen it; and hence the bees which are hatched in comb which is several years old are considerably shorter, and in all respects smaller. This you may determine for yourselves by comparing bees from hives which are new and old.

“But how,” inquired Catharine, “can

you distinguish new, or young bees, from old?"

"The young bees," observed Mr. Ross, have a much more brilliant appearance than those which are older, and a grayish-colored down that covers the body, which wears off by hard labor. In the spring season, in the month of May, I have often observed them, on a sunny day, come forth from the hive, and spread themselves round on the boards, apparently feeble, and yet shining, especially about the wings, with a good deal of lustre; and while basking in the beams of the sun, I have noticed one bee after another arrive; and as they lighted upon the threshold, the young would cluster about them, eager to receive the honey which they had gathered in their excursions abroad. Nothing can be more delightful than to see the manner in which the young one is fed. Its little proboscis is outstretched to meet the extended proboscis of the older bee, from which it receives the liquid nectar. Its zeal on such occasions is quite amusing. One would imagine that it never expected another opportunity to gratify its appetite.

"But it is time," said Mr. Ross, "to return to the queen bee. Although longer than either of the other classes of bees, her wings are proportionably short—so much so, that she flies with some difficulty; but this is a circumstance of little moment, as she seldom leaves the hive. Writers on bees assert that she goes abroad, but only once in a season. If she has occasion to lead forth a colony on the occasion of their swarming, as it is called, the first plunge she makes is oftentimes upon the ground, owing to the disproportion between her body and her

wings. Sometimes, on rising, she is barely able to return to the hive. In such cases, the swarm return with her, where they continue till the following day. If, by accident, she is lost, the swarm returns, and does not issue again until the fourteenth day following."

"Pray, father," said Edward, "how is this accounted for?"

"This properly belongs," said Mr. Ross, "to a future part of our subject; but since we have rather unexpectedly fallen upon the subject, I will give you the explanation. The queen being lost, the swarm, as I said, returns, with no little agitation, to the hive. Preparations are immediately made to form a new queen bee."

"How," said Edward, "is that done?"

"I will explain the process," said Mr. Ross. "A new queen is to be provided for the swarm. At all times, or at least during the spring months, there are young bees in the cells in every stage, from the egg to the full-formed bee. One or more of these cells is selected, upon which to operate. One end is torn away, and so lengthened as to correspond to the length of a queen bee. Immediately the worm within, which is three or four days old, is fed with *royal dainties*."

"Pray," said Catharine, "how do these differ from common food?"

"The common worms," said Mr. Ross, "are fed upon *pollen*, which is the fine dust of flowers, or upon bee-bread; but the royal worm has administered to it a peculiar kind of paste or jelly of a heating or pungent nature. This brings her to maturity in thirteen days afterwards, and on the following, or fourteenth day, the colony is led forth; but in respect to

a colony which is *leaving* the hive, the *old queen bee* always leads it forth, while the young one assumes the reins of government behind."

"Is that so, my dear?" Mrs. Ross inquired.

"It is so stated," replied Mr. Ross, "and would appear from the nature of the case quite probable."

"Father," said Edward, "are other kinds of bees longer in coming to maturity than the queen bee?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Ross. "The eggs of each kind are hatched in three days. A worker remains in a worm-like state for five days, a male six and a half, and a queen five. They then undergo a change, which perhaps you would hardly understand. It will be sufficient to say, that, on the twentieth day of its existence, the worker becomes a perfect winged animal. The males arrive at perfection in twenty-four days, the females or queen bees in sixteen.

"The queen bee differs from the others in other respects. Her form is more elegant, and her color, which tends to a deeper yellow, more beautiful. Her residence is generally in the interior of the hive."

"Has she a royal apartment?" inquired Catharine.

"I presume not," said Mr. Ross: "she demands no contribution from her subjects, beyond the food which she needs."

"I should think," said Susan, "that she would need a looking-glass to see herself in."

"No, my child," said Mr. Ross, "she has no hair to adjust—no other ornaments than those which nature has given

her; and yet she always looks charmingly. At least, so her subjects think. No queen, not even good old Queen *Bess*, as they were wont to call Queen *Elizabet*, ever received the cordial attention that a queen bee does. She is attended by a circle of bees, who act as her guard."

"Gentlemen of the household, I suppose they are called," said Catharine.

"She has no 'maids of honor,' said Mr. Ross, "but all her attendants are 'gentlemen of honor;' and while they are very great courtiers, they are withal very sincere—they devote themselves to her service—present her with honey—pass their trunks smoothly over her body, in order to remove any thing which may be offensive to her. When she moves from one part of the cell to the other, they attend her, while the bees, which are in her passage, range themselves on either side to do her reverence."

"Father," said James, "do they ever hurrah around her?"

"They have quite as significant a mode of showing their delight—they *buzz*, and fill the air with this natural token of their joy.

"Several *experiments* have been made, an account of which will be quite interesting to you. A queen bee has sometimes been taken from a hive. In such a case, the bees are not apt to discover their loss, until several hours have elapsed. At length, however, a murmur, or peculiar buzz, runs through the hive; labor is suspended; a general agitation arises; tumult ensues; the bees pass with a sort of delirious rapidity over the surface of the combs. If, at this moment, she is restored, nothing can exceed

their joy, or the rapturous homage which is paid her. Some form around her, while others drum in ecstasy.

"If a stranger queen be introduced, she is generally seized, surrounded by a cluster, which continues to hold her in captivity till she dies either from hunger or through suffocation. If she be introduced after the lapse of twenty-four hours from the loss of the original queen, she is generally received with cordiality, and begins her reign in peace.

"I have already told you that each colony has but a single queen; but several royal cells are usually prepared, and several queen bees are nourished at the same time. It is common that one queen is hatched first. In this case, she repairs to the cells of her royal sisters, and endeavors to destroy them. The workers generally interpose, and endeavor to prevent her deadly design. Upon this, she commences a peculiar hum, which has the effect to prevent their interference. They will hang their heads and remain motionless, upon which she seizes the opportunity to tear the cells and effect her bloody purpose. This she does by stinging them to death.

"The celebrated Mr. Huber, who paid great attention to bees, relates the following remarkable anecdote. Two royal sisters, arriving at maturity, left their cells almost at the same moment. On observing each other, they rushed together with great fury, and seized each other by their antennæ. Each curved itself to give the other a mortal wound. At this moment, however, mutually alarmed, they separated. Soon again they returned to the combat, and again retreated. While this duel was going forward, great agitation

pervaded the workers. When the rivals separated, the tumult increased. Each queen was seized by different parties, and retained in custody for about a minute. At the end of this time, one of the bees suddenly burst from her confinement, and apparently with double fury darted upon her rival, and, seizing her by her wing, inflicted the death sting. The vanquished queen fell, dragged herself along a short space, and expired."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Old Familiar Faces.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful
school-days :

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom
cronies :

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces

I loved a love once, fairest among women !
Closed are her doors on me ; I must not see
her :

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend — a kinder friend has no man
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
Left him, to muse on old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my
childhood ;

Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwell-
ing ?

So might we talk of the old familiar faces —

How some, they have died, and some, they
have left me,

And some are taken from me ; all are de-
parted :

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

Mount Auburn.

[Continued from p. 114.]

It would not, perhaps, interest the reader if we were to extend to any great length our notice of the various monuments which mark the places of repose, the chosen abodes, in this home of

the dead. We shall add a few more sketches, and commend it to the reader rather to visit this sad but fascinating spot than to be content with our representation.



Warren Colburn.

On Locust Avenue, the stranger's eye will be attracted by a modest column of freestone, surmounted by an urn, and bearing, in gold letters, an inscription to the memory of one with whose name he will probably be familiar. WARREN COLBURN, the arithmetician, died in 1833, at the age of forty. "Simple in manners, guileless in heart, educated by his own genius, he has left to the world a new avenue to mathematical science. His friends, that his memory may be honored, and his example cherished for imitation, have erected this monument."

The wide circulation of the standard treatises for schools, particularly those on algebra and arithmetic, produced by

Mr. Colburn, renders it unnecessary to do more than allude to them. At the same time, it is but justice to mention his great zeal in behalf of education at large. Many important improvements in machinery are also due to his ingenuity and scientific research, the fruits of which are especially visible in the manufacturing establishments of Lowell, where he resided, an exceedingly useful and highly-respected citizen, about ten years. It is doubtless true to all practical and substantial purposes, as stated in the inscription above quoted, that Mr. Colburn was "educated by his genius." It may be proper to add, however, that he was graduated at Harvard College in 1820.

His private character was most exemplary. A writer, about the time of his decease, remarked of him justly, that "his study through life seemed to be to do good."

On Locust Avenue a handsome sarcophagus shows the familiar and ancient name of "Cheever." The inscription reads thus:—

"Bartholomew Cheever was born in



Cheever.

Canterbury, county of Kent, England, in 1607; came to America 1637; died in 1693, aged 86."

on Mountain Avenue, the visitor will hardly fail to notice the beautiful plain cross, of white marble, which bears the name of "Swett."

Not far from the tomb of the Cheevers,



Swett.

The visitor will find, near to Consecration Dell, already noticed, the sweet av-

enue called Violet Path; and here the monument of Hicks will be noticed.

On Beech Avenue is the monument erected to S. F. Coolidge, with this inscription: "The gift of God is eternal life."

We have noticed but a few of the monuments in this cemetery, which is now studded with numerous tombs, of various devices, and indicating the havoc that the



Hicks.



S. F. Coolidge.

scythe of time is making, not only among those who are ripe in years, but among the very flush and bloom of society.

We close our broken and imperfect sketches by the following lines, founded upon the fond remembrance which re-

deems the lost — for a time at least —
from the grave, and seems to make them
live, while yet dead.

"I see thee still!

Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
Calls thee in beauty from the dust;
Thou comest in the morning light —
Thou'rt with me through the gloomy night;
In dreams I meet thee as of old;
Then thy soft arms my neck infold,
And thy sweet voice is in my ear;
In every scene to memory dear.

I see thee still!

"I see thee still

In every hallowed token round!
This little ring thy finger bound,
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,
This silken chain by thee was braided;
These flowers, all withered now like thee,
Sweet sister, thou didst cull for me;
This book was thine — here didst thou read —
This picture, ah! yes, here indeed

I see thee still!

"I see thee still!

Here was thy summer noon's retreat;
This was thy favorite fireside seat;
This was thy chamber, where, each day,
I sat and watched thy sad decay;
Here on this bed thou last didst lie,
Here on this pillow thou didst die!
Dark hour! once more its woes unfold —
As then I saw thee, pale and cold,

I see thee still!

"I see thee still!

Thou art not in the tomb confined;
Death cannot claim the immortal mind.
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
Yet goodness dies not in the dust.
Thee, O my sister, 'tis not thee
Beneath the coffin's lid I see;
Thou to a fairer land art gone —
There, let me hope, my journey done,

To see thee still!"

A golden mind stoops not to show of dress.

The Shepherd Boy and his Dog

ONE Saturday evening, Halbert's mother was taken very ill. The cottage they lived in was away among the mountains far from any path. The snow fell in large, heavy flakes, and Malcolm (that was the shepherd's name) took down his long pole with the intention of setting out to the village to procure some medicine for his wife. "Father," said little Halbert, "I know the sheep-path through the dark glen better than you; and with Shag, who will walk before me, I am quite safe; let me go for the doctor, and do you stay and comfort my mother." Malcolm consented. Halbert had been accustomed to the mountains from his earliest infancy; and Shag set out with his young master, wagging his tail, and making many jumps and grimaces. They went safely on. Halbert arrived at the village, saw the doctor, received some medicine for his mother, and then commenced his return with a cheerful heart.

Shag went on before to ascertain that all was right. Suddenly, however, he stopped, and began snuffing and smelling about. "Go on, Shag," said Halbert. Shag would not stir. "Shag, go on, sir," repeated the boy; "we are nearly at the top of the glen; look through the night, — you can see the candle glimmer in our own window." Shag appeared obstinate for the first time in his life; and at last Halbert advanced alone, heedless of the warning growl of his companion. He had proceeded but a few steps when he fell over a precipice, which had been concealed by a snow-wreath.

Malcolm repeatedly snuffed the little

candle which he had affectionately placed so as to throw light over his boy's path, replenished the fire, and spoke to his wife that comfort in which his own anxious heart could not participate. Often did he go to the door; but no footstep sounded on the crackling ice, no figure darkened the wide waste of snow. "Perhaps the doctor is not at home, and he is waiting for him," said his poor mother. She felt so uneasy at her child's absence, that she almost forgot her own pain. It was nearly midnight when Malcolm heard the well-known bark of the faithful Shag. "My son! my son!" cried both parents at the same moment.

The cottage door opened, and Shag entered without his master! "My brave boy has perished in the snow!" exclaimed the mother. At the same moment the father saw a small packet round the dog's neck, who was lying panting on the floor. "Our boy lives," said the shepherd; "here is the medicine tied with his handkerchief; he has fallen into some of the pits; but he is safe. Trust in God! I will go out, and Shag will conduct me safely to the rescue of my child." In an instant Shag was again on his feet, and testified the most unbounded joy as they both issued from the cottage. You may imagine the misery and grief the poor mother suffered — alone in her mountain-dwelling — the snow and the wind beating round her solitary cot — the certainty of her son's danger, and the fear lest her husband also might perish. She felt that both their lives depended on the sagacity of a poor dog; but she knew that God could guide the dumb creature's steps to the saving of

both; and she clasped her hands, and fervently prayed that God would not desert her in the most severe trial she had ever met.

Shag went on straight and steadily for some yards, and then suddenly turned down a path which led to the bottom of the crag over which Halbert had fallen. The descent was steep and dangerous, and Malcolm was frequently obliged to support himself by the frozen branches of the trees. Providentially, however, it had ceased snowing, and the clouds were drifting fast from the moon. At last Malcolm stood at the lower and opposite edge of the pit into which his son had fallen. He halloed — he strained his eyes, but could not see or hear any thing. Shag was making his way down an almost perpendicular height, and Malcolm resolved at all hazards to follow him.

After getting to the bottom, Shag scrambled to a projecting ledge of rock, which was nearly imbedded in snow, and commenced whining and scratching in a violent manner. Malcolm followed, and, after some search, found what appeared the dead body of his son. He hastily tore off the jacket, which was soaked with blood and snow, and, wrapping Halbert in his plaid, strapped him across his shoulders, and with much toil and difficulty reascended. Halbert was placed in his mother's bed; and, by using great exertion, they aroused him from his dangerous sleep. He was much bruised, and his ankle dislocated; but he had no other hurt; and when he recovered his senses, he fixed his eyes on his mother, and his first words were, "Thank God! — but did you get the medicine, mother?" When he fell, Shag had descend-

ed after him, and the affectionate son used what little strength he had left to tie what he had received from the doctor round the dog's neck, and directed him home with it.

— It is many years since this happened, and Shag is now old and gray ; but he still toddles about after his master, who is now one of the most handsome and trusty shepherds among the bonny Highlands of Scotland.

The Vase and the Pitcher.

ONE day, when a grand entertainment was ended,

A rich China vase, lately come from abroad,
In which every tint of the rainbow was blended,

Spoke thus to a pitcher that stood on the board:—

"I hope, rustic neighbor, you don't feel distressed

At standing before me, so shabbily dressed ;
It will mitigate, may be, your feelings, to know,

That, though so superb, I can stoop to the low.

" 'Tis true that, before I arrived from abroad,
Beyond the wide Ganges, I lived with a lord :
'Tis true, in the west, that no king can procure,
For his service of state, so splendid a ewer.

" 'Tis true that gay ladies, in feathers and pearls,
Survey and admire me — and barons and earls :
'Tis true that I am, as you must understand,
Prodigiously rich, and excessively grand.

"But you, paltry bottle ! I pity your fate ;
Whence came ye, coarse neighbor ? I prithee relate ;
And tell me, how is it you ever endure
So graceless a shape and so vile a contour ?"

The pitcher, who stood with his hand on his hip,

Shrugged up his round shoulders, and curled his brown lip ;

And grave to appearance, but laughing inside,
He thus, from his orifice, coolly replied:—

"I come, noble vase, from the cottage below,
Where I serve a poor husbandman, if you must know ;

And my trade (might I venture to name such a thing)

Is bringing pure water each morn from the spring.

"There's a notable lass, who at dawn of the day,

When dew-drops yet glisten on meadow and spray,

When the lark soars aloft, and the breezes are cool,

Sets off, on light tiptoe, with me to the pool.

"The pool is surrounded with willow and ash ;

At noon, in the sun, its dark waters will flash ;
And through the deep shade, you at intervals hear

The lowing of kine, in the meadow land near.

"The sheep with their lambkins there browse at their ease,

Beneath the cool arch of embowering trees ;
While low creeping herbs give their sweets to the air —

Wild thyme, and the violet, and primroses fair.

" 'Tis here that myself every morning she bears ;

Then back to the cot in the valley repairs.

The fagot is blazing, the breakfast is placed,
And appetite sweetens coarse fare to the taste.

"In these humble services passes my life,
Remote from the city — its noise and its strife.

Though homely, I'm fit for the work of the day ;

And I am not ashamed of my true British clay.

"And now, noble vase, may I ask if 'tis true
That you stand every day here with nothing
to do?"

A poor idle gentleman, up in your niche,
Quite useless — and nothing but handsome
and rich?

"They neither intrust you with victuals nor
drink:

You must have but a poor, sorry life on't, I
think;

And though such an elegant creature you're
thought,

Pray, are you not tired with doing of nought?"

But the vase could not answer such questions
as these,

And the pitcher felt glad he was not a Chinese.

— ♦ —
Brooklyn, May 25, 1846.

MR. MERRY:

Seeing that many of your young
readers send you some stories, I thought
I would send you one, which I found in a
book.

The Adventures of a Ninepence.

WHEN I first began to keep an account
of my travels, I was in the purse
of a beautiful young lady named
Julia. One morning, after break-
fast, as Julia was standing in the parlor,
she heard a child's scream in the street.
She ran to the window, and saw a little
girl, not more than three years old, ap-
parently, standing in the middle of the
street, and by her a large dog, who was
trying to get at a piece of bread which
she held in her hand, but which the child,
loath to part with her bread, held up as
high as she could, and screamed for
help. The ready sympathies of Julia were
at once excited, and she ran to the bell,

and pulled it with eagerness, intending to
send the servant to bring the child into the
house; but as he did not come as quickly
as she wished, she went to the door to
see if any one was in sight whom she
knew, and could apply to for assistance.

It happened that there was no one in
sight but "poor Jemmy," as he was
called — an ungainly fellow, about seven-
teen years old, who was half idiot, but
whom, being well known to Julia, as his
mother lived in the neighborhood, she did
not hesitate to ask to take the child in his
arms, and bring her into the house. Jemmy
looked at her face with his idiot
stare, and said, "What, little Susan
there? Nero won't hurt her: he wants
to steal her bread and butter."

"I know that," Julia replied, "but the
child is frightened; so bring her to me;
that's a good fellow." Jemmy was alive
to her kind tones, and said, "Well, so I
will, my beauty." And he very gently
lifted the child up, and placed her on the
steps, then, kissing his hand, and making
a low, uncouth bow, was retiring, when Ju-
lia said, "Stop, Jemmy; I wish to pay
you for your trouble, or rather your being
so willing to oblige me; and do you stay
here by the child till I come back." She
then returned into the parlor, came
to her work-table, took out her purse,
and drew me forth. We had been list-
ening to what had passed; and when she
opened the purse, I felt a sinking of heart
at the dismal reverse of fortune I might
be about to experience.

However, I had no power to help it;
and her motions were so quick that I had
hardly time to think of it. She held me
in her hand while she went to the closet
and got a piece of cake, and then re-

turned to the door; where, stooping down to little Susan, she said, "Here is a nice piece of cake for you: you will see nothing more of Nero; he has gone into the yard, and the gate is shut." She then gave the child a kiss, and sent her off. "And now, Jemmy," said she, "here is a piece of cake for you, and I will give you ninepence beside, for your good-natured readiness to oblige me."

Jemmy could hardly believe his senses when she actually slid me into his hand. A sort of smothered laugh escaped him. He held me up, turned me from side to side—"A silver ninepence, a real silver ninepence! I declare, this is the first time I ever had one. And you're a beauty, Miss Julie, as I always have said you were." She smiled—told him not to spend it for gingerbread. "Thank you, my beauty," he said, and, making his uncouth bow, turned homewards. Goody Smith, the mother of the idiot, was a respectable old woman, who had once earned her living by working out. This she had not been able to do for a long time. But sometimes she got some money for knitting socks for some of her neighbors. Jemmy was not a fool, but only half wise; he was good-natured, always willing to run a little errand, and sometimes brought his mother home a few cents; but as for a piece of silver, he rarely saw one.

The poor woman loved her idiot boy, and was at this time waiting his return, as he had gone out without any breakfast. Very soon she heard his joyful step at the door. He entered the house, calling out, "Mother, I'm as rich as a king!" "How now, darling! have you had your breakfast? Come, here is your

tea." "I have had breakfast enough," said he—"a great piece of cake. See what Beauty gave me." Saying this, he opened his hand, and laid his finger upon the edge of me, as if he was afraid I would fly away. The good woman put out her hand to receive me. "No, no," said Jemmy; "you are not to have it; so don't ask me for it." "Then you intend to save it to buy a nice pair of shoes. Had you not better put it in my drawer?" "No! lend me your new snuff-box." His mother, to please him, got the box, and it was put in Jemmy's pocket.

Such is a-part of the adventures of a ninepence. I think it will be interesting to some of your young readers. Yours,
J. G., of Brooklyn.

The Story of Valentine Duval

[Continued from p. 117.]

CHAPTER III.

IT was in the year 1707, at the commencement of one of the severest winters on record; and, notwithstanding the sharp frost, and the snow which commenced to fall, Valentine remained motionless by the side of the pond where his master had left him.

"Come, exert yourself, Valentine!" said he at length, speaking to himself, after a burst of grief at the thought of his forlorn situation. "But where shall I go? To whom shall I present myself? Who will receive me, now that the farmer Maclare has turned me away? What shall I say to my poor mother? Who will now give her any thing to eat?"

And the curé — the good curé — who always defended me when I was in trouble! I am an unfortunate; and I have deserved it all. I did not think any harm would come of my experiment. I have done wrong, and must suffer for it; and all my weeping will not restore the turkey. Anthenay is not the only village in France. God did not desert me when my poor father died, and when I thought I was lost: perhaps he will not abandon me now: where there are villages there will be farmers — where there are farmers there will be turkeys — and where there are turkeys a keeper will be required.

Animated by this reflection, Valentine took the road lying before him, and without looking back, or turning either to the right hand or the left, quitted his natal village.

Alas! how much suffering would he have been saved had he but known that the farmer, ere he reached home, had regretted the haste with which he had dismissed the poor boy, and had gone in pursuit of him — had he but known that his mistress, Dame Jacqueline, had gone in search of him to his mother's, not forgetting to take the week's provisions with her! and so certain was she that he would seek his friends, that she had left injunctions to send him immediately to her cottage, where every thing would be forgiven. But Providence, without doubt, inspired the boy to take the route he did.

After travelling some days, passing through several villages and hamlets, and in each offering his services, and being always refused, as the night closed he found himself on the road leading to the province of Brié. He was attacked with

violent spasms in the head; and, his limbs becoming almost stiff with the cold, he knocked at the first door he came to. It was that of a poor farmer, whose wife had died a year previously, and who earned a scanty subsistence by cultivating a little plot of ground, and feeding some sheep, a number of which had been destroyed by the frost.

"For charity, sir," said Valentine in a feeble voice, his body nearly bent double and shivering, "allow me to remain a short time in your cottage to rest and warm myself, for I am nearly frozen. O, I suffer so much, I believe that I am dying."

He could say no more, and fell insensible at the feet of the farmer, who for a moment appeared uncertain how to act.

"Poor child!" said he, raising him, "you are indeed a wretched object; but no matter; it shall not be said that old Michael left an unfortunate being to perish at his door." As Valentine had not the power to raise himself, the old farmer took him in his arms into the stable where he kept his sheep, and laying him down amongst the heat of the peaceful animals, soon restored his frozen limbs. The next morning, when the farmer rose, he went to look after the poor boy, but was shocked at the state in which he found him. On examination, he perceived that the boy was attacked with the malady which had caused his wife's death the previous year.

"Poor boy!" said he, "you have the small-pox, and I know not how to serve you. What can I give you — I that have scarcely enough to eat myself? These taxes and imposts have ruined me; they have taken all that I possessed, even the

very beasts that assisted me in tilling my ground. If the cottage were my own, that too would have been taken; but it belongs to the proprietor of the farm. But no matter; I shall do what I can—God will take pity on me.”

The eyes of the sick boy spoke the thanks which his tongue could not, and Michael, leaving him for a short time, soon returned with a bundle of old linen. Having taken off the clothes which Valentine wore, he enveloped him in the linen, and collecting a quantity of the manure which lay about the stable, he placed Valentine in the centre, and completely covered his body with it. Believing that he left him to die in peace, the farmer sought his daily occupations.

Morning and evening he visited the child, each time expecting to find him a corpse; but the manure, by causing copious perspiration, had brought the eruption to the exterior, with no greater injury than a number of blotches, which ever after left their indelible marks on his body. Though Valentine escaped from the effects of the frost and sickness, he ran a great risk of dying of hunger.

One morning, the farmer, with tears in his eyes, told Valentine that even this addition, little as it was, surpassed his means.

“Then I have no other hope but to die!” said Valentine, in a mournful voice, and throwing a look of desolation upon the filthy covering about him.

“Though I am not able to give you food,” said the farmer, “there are others who, I am sure, will do so. The curé, who lives a few miles from this place, is a good and charitable man, and I have no doubt will consent to receive you.”

Freeing him from his unique covering,

and wrapping wisps of hay around his limbs, he placed him on an ass, and, taking care that he should not fall off through weakness, led him to the presbytery. He was then placed in bed, and, by the attention of the curé, was soon restored to health. Unhappily, the good man was not rich; and when he found Valentine completely recovered, he gave him to understand that he wished him to go, and leave his place to be occupied by others who were even more unfortunate than he.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

What is our Duty here?

WHAT is our duty here? To tend
From good to better—thence to best,
Grateful to drink life's cup,—then bend
Unmurmuring to our bed of rest;
To pluck the flowers that round us blow,
Scattering our fragrance as we go;—

And so to live, that when the sun
Of our existence sinks in night,
Memorials sweet of mercies done
May shrine our names in memory's light;
And the blest seeds we scattered bloom
A hundred fold in days to come.

Wrinkles.

YOUNG woman, would you have wrinkles on your face? “Not for the world,” you reply. Then cease fretting, and murmuring, and repining. Rise at early dawn, take the broom, sweep the floor, make the beds, and get breakfast yourself. Such employment, with a cheerful heart, will keep you from growing prematurely old, and having your face lined with wrinkles and scowls.



Montezuma.

THERE are few names in history associated with a more sad and melancholy remembrance than that of Montezuma. When his country, Mexico, was discovered in 1518, this monarch reigned over eight millions of inhabitants. His capital was encircled by fifty cities; the people bowed their faces to earth, when he passed by; nobles and princes were his attendants; he ate from plates of gold; his palace contained thousands of obsequious servants;

his palanquin was borne on the shoulders of men of rank. He was indeed surrounded with the pomp and magnificence of an Eastern despot.

Who could have dreamed that such a monarch — so secure — so intrenched in power — could have experienced a change of fortune, and, after passing through the keenest sufferings, should have died of a broken heart! Yet such was his fate.

Fernando Cortez, with his five hundred men, came to the city of Mexico.

The intimidated monarch received them. They soon made him their prisoner; and he became, in their hands, a mere puppet, to aid the invaders in cheating his people. The indignant populace sent their arrows at him, and he fell wounded to the earth. And thus he died, partly of his wounds, and partly of a broken heart!

Greedy Robin.

B. I. C. P.

A BLITHE little robin sat up in a tree,
And he frisked, and he fluttered, and whistled in glee;
He smoothed his red breast with his delicate bill,
And he ate of the blackest ripe cherries his fill.
O, who such a frolicsome fellow as he,
So funnily chattering forth, "Chick-a-dee!"

His fat little mate-bird came bouncing along,
So bustling and busy, half chirping a song;
And she stooped down her head from a leaf-covered bough,
And said, "Dearest husband, O, come with me now;
For a minute or two let those sweet cherries be,
For our baby-birds hungrily cry, 'Chick-a-dee!'"

'But this fruit is so luscious, so tempting, my love,
I can't possibly leave it! Go home — there's a dove!
And feed little Robin; as for Bobby and Bill,
I shall soon stop their mouths if they will not be still.
It is not yet time for them hungry to be;
Go tell them that, darling; go, dear chick-a-dee!"

So then Mrs. Robin, like a dutiful wife,
Went off with her cherries without any strife;
And when she fed one bird, the others she chid,
For not, like good children, doing what they were bid.
But it saddened her kind little heart much to see,
With what real hunger they cried, "Chick-a-dee!"

Quick she flew to her husband, and said, "Dearest Rob,
Quite cold and half starved are poor Billy and Bob!
I must indeed instantly go to the nest,
For a damp, chilly breeze blows up strong from the west.

They need to be covered up warmly, you see;
So haste with some cherries, my dear chick-a-dee!"

Said Robin the Redbreast, "I pray you, be still;
I shall stay if I like, — I shall go if I will.
These black-hearts are furnishing me such a feast,
I'm determined to stay half an hour at the least.
The wind you complain of blows mildly on me;
Bill and Bob only want to be fed, chick-a-dee!"

"Alas!" said his wife, "you entirely forget
That poor little I have not breakfasted yet!
The sun is already an hour in the sky,
And I have done nothing but flutter and fly
From the tree to the nest, and the nest to the tree,
With my beak full of cherries, my dear chick-a-dee!"

"Good sakes!" cried the Robin, "how excessively droll!"

You really are though a kind little soul!
Here, swallow this beautiful clustering bunch,
(Although I intended to save it for lunch.)
O, you're carrying it off to the young ones, I see!
You've a singular taste, my good wife, chick-a-dee!"

Not very long after, a man, turning hay
In a neighboring meadow, saw Robin, so gay,
Making wonderful havoc amongst his fine fruit;
So with his sure rifle he quickly did shoot
The blithe little bird that sat up in the tree;
And he fell, screaming out as he died, "Chick-a-dee!"

When poor Mrs. Robin came back from her nest,
All bloody and torn on the ground lay Redbreast;
She plaintively moaned; but she called him in vain;
The Robin could never be greedy again!
No more of his frolic and fun she might see,
And with a sad heart she left poor chick-a-dee!"

Rochester, N. Y.

Hope.

In hope a king doth go to war;
In hope a lover lives full long;
In hope a merchant sails full far;
In hope just men do suffer wrong;
In hope the ploughman sows his seed:
Thus hope helps thousands at their need:
Then faint not, heart, among the rest;
Whatever chance, hope thou the best



The Butterfly.

"I'd be a butterfly —"

WOULD you indeed, Miss Nancy? — would you be a butterfly — to be chased up and down, and round about, in this fashion? You go about singing, —

"I'd be a butterfly,
Born in the bower" —

And while the song is on your lips, you take that long net, and away you go to catch that very insect, whose life seems to excite your envy. If he settles upon a vase of flowers, or on a head of clover, or amid a patch of wild violets, lo! in a trice his meal is disturbed — his life is threatened.

Consider, Miss Nancy, what that butterfly must think of you and say of you.

Let us suppose that he is telling the story of his day's experience. He will say that he was about to sip the honey-dew of some roses, when a monstrous giantess, ten thousand times as tall as a butterfly, came running at him, holding in her hand an amazing long pole, to which was attached a net, big enough to hold all the butterflies for a mile around. He will go on to say how fierce was the countenance of this fearful giantess; how her eyes stood out; how her black locks streamed in the wind; what a terrific earthquake voice she had; and how, as soon as the poor butterfly settled down to eat a little honey, the giantess came with a scream and a swoop to disturb his meal, and put an end to his bliss.

Consider these things, Miss Nancy, and

when we meet again, tell me if you really would be a butterfly; or whether you are only romancing in the idle words of a song.

THE following *fable*, Mr. Merry, which I extract from a scrap-book, I think of sufficient merit to occupy a place in your invaluable Museum.

Yours forever,
E. R. P.

The Pebble and the Acorn.

"I AM a pebble, and yield to none,"
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone;

"Nor change nor season can alter me;
I am abiding while ages flee.
The pelting hail and the drizzling rain
Have tried to soften me long in vain;
And the tender dew has sought to melt,
Or to touch my heart, but it was not felt.

"None can tell the pebble's birth;
For I am as old as the solid earth.
The children of men arise and pass
Out of the world like blades of grass.
And many a foot on me has trod
That's gone from sight and under the sod.
I am a pebble; but who art thou,
Rattling along from the reckless bough?"
The acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment abashed and mute;
She never before had been so near
This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere,
And felt, for a while, perplexed to know
How to answer a thing so low.
But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look, or the keen retort,
At length she said, in a gentle tone,
"Since it has happened that I am thrown
From the lighter element where I grew,
Down to another so hard and new,
And beside a personage so august,
Abased, I will cover my head with dust,

And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding wheel,
Has ever subdued or made to feel."
And soon in the earth she sunk away
From the comfortless spot where the pebble lay

But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the piercing head of an infant oak;
And as it rose, and its branches spread,
The pebble looked up, and, wondering, said,
"A modest acorn, never to tell
What was enclosed in her simple shell!
That the pride of the forest was then shut up
Within the space of her little cup!
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
To prove that nothing could hide her worth.
And, O, how many will tread on me,
To come and admire that beautiful tree,
Whose head is towering toward the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I!
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year;
But never from this shall a vaunting word
From the humble pebble again be heard,
Till something without me, or within,
Can show the purpose for which I have been."
The pebble could not its vow forget,
And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.

Norwalk, March, 1846.

The Cup of Tea.

OFt in the chilly night,
Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
I see by candle light
The tea things all around me —
The plates, the bakes,
The tarts and cakes,
The sets of cups unbroken,
The waxen light,
The spoons so bright,
The jests, as yet unspoken;
Then in the merry light,
I draw my wrapper round me,
And sip my Pekoe tea at night
While wife and babes surround me

Adventures in Japan, by Michael Kastoff.

[Continued from p. 110.]

CHAPTER IV.

THE examinations which I had undergone from the Japanese seemed to have been by no means satisfactory, and I had reason to believe they took me for a spy. The precautions that were now used to prevent my escape, convinced me that something or other had produced an unfavorable impression with regard to me. I was now transferred from my comfortable lodging to a prison, or rather a sort of a cage built of stout timber, the door of which was so low that I was obliged to stoop and enter it upon all-fours. This dismal apartment had no light, except what was admitted through the beams of a sort of palisade at one end. Above the door was a small hole, through which my food was handed to me. The building was surrounded by a high wall or wooden fence, with sharp, pointed stakes, and outside of this another. Outside of all were the guard-houses and sentry-boxes.

The soldiers who performed guard were not allowed to come near me, nor even to pass within the interior fence, but went their rounds every half hour, striking the time with two boards during the night. Dismal enough as this place was in the daytime, it was doubly so at night. I had no fire; a night lamp supplied with fresh oil, and placed in a paper lantern, was kept burning outside; but the feeble, glimmering light, which it shed between the stakes, was scarcely capable of rendering any object visible. The clanking

noise made every half hour by the moving of the locks and bolts, when the soldiers inspected me, rendered this gloomy place still more disagreeable, and did not allow me a moment's repose.

I asked the officers whether I could not have a window made in the back wall of my prison, as through the palisades I could see nothing but the sky and the tops of a few trees. They seemed to think this not unreasonable, but, after examining the wall, told me that they must be very careful of my health, and feared that the bleak north winds might give me a cold. This I thought a mere pretence, and began to have dismal apprehensions of passing my life in perpetual imprisonment.

After a confinement of eight or ten days here, I was again subjected to the process of examination before the *banjo*, or magistrate of the place. The number of questions which he asked me is incalculable; and many of them were so strange, so unimportant and ludicrous, that I often made very insolent replies in my embarrassment and vexation. The questions were such as these: What kind of dress does the emperor of Russia wear? What sort of hat does he put on his head? What kinds of birds are found at St. Petersburg? What money did my trousers cost me? How do the Russians cook their suppers? What sort of a horse does the emperor ride on? Who makes the emperor's small-clothes? How many foreigners are there in Russia? How long, broad, and high, is the

emperor's palace? How many windows are there in it? How many cannon are mounted upon it? &c. &c. When I told them that the sovereigns of Europe did not fortify their palaces, they doubted, at first, the truth of what I said, and, on being assured of the fact, expressed their astonishment at what they termed a strange instance of imprudence.

When I mentioned any animal which they did not know, the banjo requested me to draw a figure of it. This was a new trouble; for I was now constantly employed in drawing sheep, goats, asses, reindeer, foxes, bears, &c., as well as coaches, sledges, and carriages; in a word, they wished to see every thing represented on paper which they could not see in Japan. But, notwithstanding that all these requests were made with the utmost politeness, yet so tedious and puzzling a task did it become to answer such a variety of questions, that I was fretted out of all patience. Half the inquiries were made respecting things of which I had no knowledge; as, How many ships of war and merchantmen are there in all Europe? What are the names of all the governors in Siberia and Kamtschatka? &c. At last I told the banjo that I believed they took a pleasure in tormenting me, for these questions were a real martyrdom; and that, if he wished to kill me, he had better do it outright, for I would not answer another query.

The banjo, then, with great mildness of manner, endeavored to calm my irritation, and said he hoped I was not offended by his curiosity, as he did not wish to force any answers from me, but merely to question me like a friend. This a little mollified me, and I apologized for the

rude answers I had given; but, after a few questions relating to my personal comfort, he fell back upon his old system of minute and teasing inquiries. Nothing seems able to tire the patience of a Japanese, or put him out of humor. When I replied that I did not know this or that, he requested that I would inform him according to supposition: this he never failed to do when I sought to evade his questions. If I attempted to get rid of a query by inventing an answer, this was sure to bring me into difficulty; for the Japanese are too cunning to be circumvented in such a way, and put questions artfully on the same subject in different shapes.

Among other questions, I was asked what was the cargo of the ship in which I sailed. I replied by informing them that ships of war never carried cargoes. At this they testified great surprise, and hesitated to believe me. I wondered the less at this afterwards, when I learned the facts with regard to the Japanese. With them, all foreign trade, either with the Dutch, the Chinese, the Coreans, or the people of the Loo-choo Islands, is monopolized by the emperor. He purchases all the goods which are imported into Japan, and sends them, in his own ships, to the different harbors in his territories. Here the imperial huckster sells out his stock in lots to suit purchasers, for cash or approved credit. I have no doubt he drives a rousing trade.

At last, this tedious day came to a close, and I was allowed to retire to rest. In the night, the wind rose, and I heard a smart gale whistling through the crannies of my airy habitation. I could have wished the night had been more quiet

for I believe this high wind induced the banjo to send for me again the next forenoon, in order that he might have a talk with me about it. The fact may seem incredible to my readers, but, from what I know of the Japanese, I have not the smallest doubt that this puff of wind furnished his wise noddle with a bran-new idea. It occurred at once to him that it must be of immense importance to the mighty emperor of Japan, the dignity of all the high functionaries of state, and the welfare of the imperial subjects, to know what sort of winds blew in the Russian dominions, and whether they were just like Japanese winds, or quite another sort of thing.

Accordingly, he gave orders, in his wisdom, that I should be again brought before him; and again I was plied with questions. He asked me whether I ever in my life witnessed such a storm as that of last night. I answered, "Yes, a good many," and even maintained that the Russians could beat the Japanese for storms, as they could in every thing else. The banjo smiled, and shook his head incredulously. He then desired to know which way the storms blew in Russia, whether from north, south, east, or west; whether from off the ocean or over land; whether they blew hot or cold, wet or dry; whether they commonly happened by night or by day; whether they ever did any damage, as blowing down houses and trees; how many were blown down every year throughout all Russia; who paid for the damage, and how much it all cost. All these questions, with my answers to them, the secretary took pains to write down with incredible patience and scrupulous care, as if the wel-

fare of the empire was concerned in every syllable. I thanked my stars when this catechism of storms was fairly blown over.

After this, the interpreter came to me, accompanied by two persons, one of whom, I found, was a tailor, who, he informed me, had been ordered by the government to make me a suit of clothes, which I was at liberty to have either in the Russian or Japanese fashion, just as I pleased. I replied that I had clothes enough, and felt no wish to have any more. Upon this, they stated that it was of no consequence what clothes I had; they wished to make me a present, and I must not reject it.

All contradiction was therefore useless, and I told them they might do as they pleased. The tailor took my measure very minutely, and noted down every thing in writing. In a few days, my new clothes were brought to me. They were made of a cherry-colored cotton stuff, somewhat resembling the Dutch cloth called *frieze*. The Japanese name of it is *mompa*. The garments were all wadded and lined, and looked very comfortable; but what to call the different articles was a puzzle. They were neither coats, cloaks, surtouts, wrappers, frocks, sacks, nor night-gowns, but a queer combination of the whole seven. However, they did very well to keep out the cold, and I never troubled myself as to what names I should give them. I believe I made some blunders in first dressing myself in them, as the Indian did when he received a present of a pair of small-clothes, and put them on for a jacket, thinking himself rigged in the top of the mode.

When a Japanese finds a room too warm for him, he pulls off his upper coat, and lets it hang behind on his girdle. If it grows warmer, he pulls off a second in the same manner. If this be not enough, a third and a fourth are stripped off; and finally all, except the inner one. When he feels too cool, they are put on by degrees, one over the other. The women cool and warm themselves in the same manner, which would certainly shock our ideas of delicacy and politeness; but all such things depend on custom. The females, out of vanity, wear a much greater quantity of clothes than the men, although they need less. Their garments, worn one over the other, sometimes amount to twenty; some say a hundred. These are not unfrequently made of very light and delicate stuff, so that half a dozen of them may be put in one pocket.

The Japanese ladies use a species of rouge, called *bing*. This they apply, not to their cheeks, but to their lips. To praise a Japanese beauty, she must be called, not "rosy-cheek," but "cherry-lips." They blacken their teeth also for beauty; and the contrast between their lips and teeth is very striking, and not at all accordant to our notions of what is beautiful.

While promenading the streets, which is not very common for a Japanese lady, she is attended by female servants in great numbers, carrying handkerchiefs, baskets of confectionary, &c. The dress of the higher classes is very magnificent: sometimes a train is worn several feet in length. Their head-dress resembles somewhat that fashion prevalent in France a century ago, with the exception

that they do not make use of powder, but adorn the hair with abundance of flowers and ribbons fastened with gold and silver bodkins.

Though I was kept strictly confined, yet I could perceive that my keepers exerted themselves to provide for my comfort as far as their means would allow them. As the weather grew cold, they gave me a bear-skin to sleep on. The cold increasing, I complained of the open spaces between the bars of my apartment, on which they plastered them all up with paper. I wished for a fire; and after a considerable time spent in deliberation on this important matter, and examining and measuring the premises, they dug a large hole for a hearth outside the room: this they built round with stone, and filled with sand. Here a fire of charcoal was kept burning all day, which warmed one end of the apartment.

For the comfort of smoking, they supplied me with a very long pipe, having about the middle of the stem a wooden ball, so large that it would not pass between the palisades. The bowl of the pipe was thus kept outside of the room, while I sat and puffed away within. At first, I felt irritated at this singular instance of distrust, and reproached the Japanese, in very plain terms, for treating me so like a barbarian. But they only laughed, and referred me to their laws, which obliged them to remove from the reach of their prisoners every thing which might be used to commit violence, either against themselves or other persons. There was danger, forsooth, that I should commit suicide or murder with a tobacco pipe!

My keepers, moreover, recommended

to me not to yield to despair, but to offer up prayers to Heaven, and to place confidence therein; adding that, in case I stood in need of any thing, I might instantly make it known, and I should experience every indulgence which could be granted consistently with the laws of the country. I was further assured that my condition would be much improved in the course of time; and that, at length, the highest mark of favor which they could show me would be to send me back to my native country. My official friend, the banjo, stated to me, by way of explanation, that the Japanese never did any thing with rashness or precipitation; that with them every thing was executed slowly and deliberately, and that, consequently, my condition could only be gradually improved. This I well knew from experience, for I had never yet received two civilities or favors, of any magnitude, in the course of the same day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Ambitious Weed.

An idle weed, that used to crawl
Unseen behind the garden wall,
(Its most becoming station)
At last, refreshed by sun and showers,
Which nourish weeds as well as flowers,
Amused its solitary hours
With thoughts of elevation.

Those thoughts encouraged day by day,
It shot forth many an upward spray,
And many a tendril band;
But, as it could not climb alone,
It uttered oft a lazy groan
To moss and mortar, stick and stone,
To lend a helping hand.

At length, by friendly hand sustained,
The aspiring vegetable gained
The object of its labors;
That which had cost her many a sigh, —
And nothing less would satisfy, —
Which was, not only being *high*,
But *higher* than her neighbors.

And now, this weed, though weak, and spent
With climbing up the steep ascent,
Admired her figure tall;
And then (for vanity ne'er ends
With that which it at first intends)
Began to laugh at those poor friends
Who helped her up the wall.

But by and by, my lady spied
The garden on the other side;
And fallen was her crest,
To see, in neat array below,
A bed of all the flowers that blow —
Lily and rose — a goodly show,
In fairest colors dressed.

Recovering from her first surprise,
She soon began to criticize: —
“A dainty sight, indeed!
I'd be the meanest thing that blows
Rather than that affected rose;
So much perfume offends my nose,”
Exclaimed the vulgar weed.

“Well, 'tis enough to make one chilly,
To see that pale, consumptive lily
Among these painted folks.
Miss Tulip, too, looks wondrous odd;
She's gaping like a dying cod.
What a queer stick is golden-rod!
And how the violet pokes!

“Not for the gayest tint that lingers
On honeysuckle's rosy fingers,
Would I with her exchange;
For this, at least, is very clear —
Since they are *there*, and I am *here*,
I occupy a higher sphere —
Enjoy a wider range.”

Alas! poor envious weed! — for lo
That instant came the gardener's hoe,

And lopped her from her sphere :
But none lamented when she fell ;
No passing zephyr sighed farewell ;
No friendly bee would hum her knell ;
No fairy dropped a tear ; —

While those sweet flowers of genuine worth,
Inclining toward the modest earth,
Adorn the vale below,
Content to hide in sylvan dells
Their rosy buds and purple bells,
Though scarce a rising zephyr tells
The secret where they grow.

"Take Care of Number One."

[Continued from p. 123.]

CHAPTER XII.

JACOB KARL WAS NOW fairly launched upon the sea ; but it is not our purpose to relate very minutely his adventures during this part of his life. We shall only give an account of those which were most prominent, and which exerted an influence upon his character and career.

It will be sufficient to say, in respect to his first voyage, that the brig, in which he was embarked as cabin boy, was bound to Jamaica, a large and fine island in the West Indies. She was heavily laden with boards, shingles, clapboards, and other articles of lumber ; and in rough weather, the gunwale, on the lower side, was frequently beneath the water. This seemed very dangerous ; and Jacob was not a little surprised to find how well the craft rode upon the waves, and proceeded upon her voyage.

At the end of twenty days, the brig reached Kingston, the capital of Jamaica, which Jacob found to be quite a large

town. By far the greatest part of the inhabitants were negroes. The lumber was soon sold, and a cargo of molasses, sugar, and rum being taken in, the vessel returned to K —, the port from which she had sailed.

During this voyage, Jacob had only performed the duties of a cabin boy, which consisted in waiting upon the captain, keeping things in order in the cabin, and running of errands about the vessel. Occasionally he lent a hand at tightening a rope, or performing some other service proper to a sailor.

He therefore picked up a little knowledge of seamanship ; and, being quick and intelligent, he was advanced, upon the second voyage, from his position as cabin boy to that of a sailor. In this capacity he performed several voyages to the West Indies ; and, though he was somewhat remarkable for his silence and his habits of economy, he gradually rose in the confidence of his employers, and at last received full wages, as an able-bodied seaman.

About two years after Jacob had first entered on board the vessel, a new hand was shipped, by the name of Blaise Larry. He was what is called an *old salt* ; that is, a man who has been so long at sea as almost to have become impregnated with the saline or briny properties of the ocean.

He was short, swarthy, broad-shouldered, and hard-fisted ; his face was roughened by exposure, and marked with the traces of some forty years. On the whole, his countenance was frank and pleasing, indicative at once of energy and good-humor.

Jacob was habitually shy, and seldom

formed any thing like an intimacy, even with the sailors on board. But a circumstance at last occurred, which removed his reserve in respect to Larry, and resulted in a firm friendship between them.

One bright moonlight evening, while the brig was becalmed in the latitude of the West Indies, a group of two or three sailors were gathered upon the forward part of the deck. Among them was Larry, who sat upon the gunwale, swinging his feet over the side of the ship; and it chanced that Jacob was standing at his side. The vessel was deep in the water, and Larry's feet came near its surface. He was, at the time, telling some story of a voyage he once made to China, and a terrible wind, called the *typhoon*, which he met with in the China Sea. He was deeply engrossed in his narrative, and had begun to describe the manner in which the vessel he was sailing in was wrecked by the gale, when a cry, or rather a scream, broke from the lips of Jacob, and at the same instant Larry fell, with a heavy plunge, into the sea.

"A shark! a shark!" exclaimed the men around; and quick as thought they caught spars, ropes, barrels, and whatever came to hand, and threw them overboard, so that Larry might have something to take hold of, and extricate himself, if possible, from the jaws of the monster. He, however, disappeared at once, seeming to be drawn down into the water. Jacob alone was inactive. With an aspect of stupid wonder, he stood gazing into the water, and watching the bubbles that arose over the spot where the sailor had gone down. We cannot certainly tell the thoughts that were running

in his breast; but it must be confessed that he was probably revolving in his mind the great maxim of his life — *Take care of number one.*

While he was thus occupied, he saw, or thought he saw, the countenance of Larry, down deep in the waves. The moon fell upon the spot, and seemed to light up the ghastly features. The sight came nearer and nearer. It rose almost to the surface. Jacob could now distinctly see the glaring and strained eyeballs, the gasping lips, the horror-smitten brow of the sailor. He saw the outstretched hands, as if beseeching assistance. Governed by an impulse he could not resist, and forgetting the selfish rule which had ever before formed the basis of his conduct, Jacob leaped over the side of the vessel, and in an instant was offering his assistance to the sufferer.

Jacob was a good swimmer; but he had little calculated the danger and difficulty of his present adventure. As soon as he came within reach of Larry, the latter caught hold of his hand, and, making a desperate effort, flung off the shark, which had hitherto grasped him by the leg. In an instant, Larry was on the surface of the water, and, with that self-possession which a sailor, accustomed to danger, seldom loses, immediately seized upon a spar which was floating near, and was thus able to recover his breath.

The greedy shark, finding that his prey had slipped from his grasp, darted forward, and, aiming at what first came in his way, was upon the point of seizing Jacob in his enormous jaws. At this instant, one of the sailors on board the ship, seeing the imminent danger of the youth, hurled a heavy bit of a spar at the head

of the shark, which took full effect. Stunned with the blow, the monster slunk back into the waves, and disappeared.

Larry and Jacob were now taken on board. The former was considerably wounded by the teeth of his formidable enemy; but the old sailor made as light of it as possible, seeming to feel quite ashamed of the adventure. Little, indeed, was said of the affair; but yet it was not without an important train of consequences.

In the first place, Jacob *had done an act of generosity*—he had periled his life for another! He who had received from his father's lips the maxim, to take care of himself in preference to all others—he who had hitherto made this the very platform of his existence—had suddenly, and, for some reason he could not explain, given himself up to the dictate of another sentiment, and, totally forgetting himself, had sought to save the life of a fellow-being at the hazard of his own. This was a new thing, and it begat a new feeling in his bosom. For the first time in his life, Jacob Karl felt that exquisite satisfaction which warms the bosom, when the deep whisper of conscience says, "Well done, good and faithful servant." It was like spring time, breaking up the winter which had hitherto bound in ice the current of the youth's blood.

Nor was this all. Though, as we have remarked, little was said, by the rough tars of the brig, in the way of compliment, yet, from looks and occasional brief expressions, Jacob could see that his reputation had undergone a total change with his companions. Before,

they had treated him with coldness and distance, if not suspicion. Now, they seemed to regard him with complacency. He had, indeed, passed at once from the condition of an underling to the station of a kind of hero, on board the ship.

It was something to be thus conscious of the respect and good-will of his fellow-sailors; but Jacob found still more gratification in the hearty acknowledgments made by Larry himself. It is true the latter did not put his thanks in formal words, but they were expressed in the more significant language of deeds. He rigged up his hammock alongside of Jacob's; made the latter the sharer of his mess, on every convenient occasion; and, when they chanced to be working together, seemed to take delight in entertaining the youth by telling him long stories, or, as he used to express it, spinning long yarns, about his adventures.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Story of Chicama.

[Continued from p. 120.]

CHAPTER VII.

OUR hero remained undisturbed for several hours in his room, or rather his prison; for he now perceived that, during his absence, the breaches in the wall had been repaired, and the spaces in the roof, by which he had once passed out, were closed up. The room was now dark; and, after a few hours, the prisoner began to feel a sense of loneliness and gloom, quite unusual to him.

After a few hours, however, his solitude was broken, and Orano entered the

apartment, not forgetting the ceremonial marks of respect with which he had always treated the Spaniard. After a few words of introduction, he told Chicama that Huascar had sent deputies to Pizarro, offering him an immense sum of gold and silver, if he would undertake to depose his brother and rival, and place him, Huascar, on the throne. Orano was sanguine that the mission would prove successful, but he still wished to know the opinion of Chicama; and for this object he had now paid him a visit.

Chicama, who knew the greedy nature of the Spanish leader, entertained no favorable opinion as to the issue of Huascar's embassy. He intimated to Orano that his master was a prisoner, and could do little, compared with Atahualpa, who was, in fact, emperor, and held the wealth and power of the country in his hands. If, then, Pizarro was to be moved by offers of gold and silver, Atahualpa would necessarily have the advantage.

"But," said Orano, "your chief cannot be deaf to the appeals of justice. Atahualpa is a usurper. He is so conscious of this, that he uses the name of Huascar to sustain his authority with the nation. It is for this reason, alone, that Huascar is surrounded with a gorgeous retinue, and treated with the pomp of a real king. Were it not for this motive, the dark-minded Atahualpa would not hesitate to dip his hand in his brother's blood, and sweep him forever from his path."

"This may be," said Chicama; "but how is the Spanish general to know all this? He comes hither, and finds Atahualpa on the throne. To him he seems to be the emperor; he is emperor in

fact. Can you expect that one who is a prisoner will be heard, when a monarch, wielding the power of the nation,—one occupying the throne, wearing the crown, and surrounded with the emblems of royalty,—speaks?"

Orano was struck with the force of these words. He paused, and remained for a time buried in gloomy thought. He cast a careful and anxious glance around the room, and shortly took his leave. Two days now passed, and Chicama saw no one, his food being thrust in at an opening beneath the door. He heard occasional noises, as of people passing, and fancied that he heard the tramp of horses and the neighing of a steed at a little distance.

He grew at first weary, and then impatient. The third day came. He could tell the light of morning by the rays that streamed faintly through some openings in the massive walls. He heard a bustle without, in the court-yard. He heard low, measured sounds, as if a solemn procession were passing. All became silent as death. Hours passed away. Night set in. The bats that nestled in the crannies of the walls, or hung in clusters from the roof, took their departure. Chicama sat wakeful and watchful on the floor of his dungeon. He heard nothing save the beatings of his own heart. A fearful gloom had gathered over his mind. He imagined that all had gone away from the castle, and left him, forgotten, in his prison.

This idea had hardly flashed upon his mind when he heard a scream. It seemed to fill the air, and thrill even the stones of the prison walls. It passed, and no other sound was heard. The

mind of Chicama, accustomed to scenes of adventure, was not easily shaken. But the circumstances in which he was now placed affected him with an unwonted emotion, amounting to horror. He passed the remainder of the night in restless anxiety. In the morning, he waited till the hour in which he was accustomed to receive his meals. No one came.

"And am I, then, to starve in this prison-house?" said the young man, springing to his feet. "Is this dungeon to be my grave? Am I to draw out my last breath in solitude, and sleep here in everlasting silence?" These thoughts nerved him with a kind of frenzy, and he cast about for the means of breaking from his prison. He looked up and down the walls, and one by one surveyed their huge masses. They seemed to offer no hope of escape. He applied his shoulder to the door, but it did not yield. He now began a more careful examination, and minutely inspected every place which presented a chance of deliverance.

The day passed in unavailing schemes and fruitless efforts. Night once more set in, and once more the youth's imagination became filled with restless and fearful thoughts. While deeply buried in his gloomy fancies, he heard a slight noise without, and near the door of his room. It was followed by a heavy sound, as if a stone had been rolled away. He applied himself to the door; it yielded, and he stepped forth into the open air. It was intensely dark, but he could see a slight, ghost-like form gliding away. He paused, and a strange fear came over him. A coldness crept through his limbs, and he shivered, as if pierced with the chill night air.

This emotion was but momentary. The blood driven to the youth's heart instantly rushed back to his limbs, and tingled in his fingers. He set forward, and pursued the retreating form, to which he felt himself indebted for his deliverance. A new and animating thought took possession of his mind. It was Runa, as he fancied, who had thus remembered him, and saved him from a terrible doom. His feet now bounded over the earth; the castle was soon left behind; trees, stones, ledges, offered little obstruction to his progress. He followed the retreating image, which seemed rather a wreath of mist than a substantial form—wending noiselessly and rapidly through copse and glen, and defying his utmost attempts to approach it.

At length they came near a ridge, which seemed to stand, like a mountain barrier, directly across their path. Chicama deemed it impossible to ascend this, and now felt confident that he should come up with the fugitive. But the latter, on reaching the base of the mountain, seemed to find a narrow footway, and lightly ascended the very face of the rock. Chicama was staggered; for it seemed to him nothing less than a miracle. He paused—drew his hand across his eyes, as if to assure himself that it was not all a dream. But the wreathy image still ascended; and, fearing that he should lose all trace of it, he pressed forward, and was soon rejoiced to find a channel or furrow in the cliff sufficient for a footing. He began his ascent; and such was the excited state of his mind, that, in the midnight darkness, he was able to discover the windings of the narrow and dizzy pathway. He kept on-

ward, and soon attained a fearful elevation. Yet the rocks continued to rise before him, seeming to tower up to the very clouds, and offering no visible point of termination. The object of his pursuit pressed forward, though the distance between them seemed gradually to diminish.

Animated by this idea, Chicama redoubled his efforts, and, seeming reckless of danger, travelled up the face of the rocks with the celerity of a mountain goat. At last, the form of the mysterious fugitive was near, and he seemed distinctly to trace the outline of a human figure. He made one effort more: he reached forth his hand; but a dizziness seized him—he wavered, reeled, and fell!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Generosity of a Sailor.

A FEW weeks ago, as I was walking along one of the back streets of this city on a rainy morning, I was very much struck with the melancholy figure of a blind man, who was endeavoring to excite charity by ballad-singing. Misery could not have found a form more suited to her nature. Whilst I was contemplating the wretchedness of the object, and comparing it with the strain which necessity compelled him to chant, a sailor, who came whistling along the street with a stick under his arm, stopped and purchased a ballad from him. "God preserve you!" cried the blind man, "for I have not tasted bread this blessed day!" when the sailor, looking round him for a moment, sprang up four steps

into a baker's shop near which he stood, and returning immediately, thrust a small loaf quietly into the poor man's hand, and went off whistling as he came.

I was so affected with this singular act of generosity, that I called the honest seaman back to me. Taking the silver I had about me, which I think was no more than four shillings, "Thy nobleness of soul," said I, "which I have seen so bright an instance of, makes me sorry that I cannot reward thee as thou dost deserve. I must, however, beg thy acceptance of this trifle, as a small testimony how much I admire thy generous nature."—"God bless your noble honor!" said the sailor, "and thank you; but we will divide the prize-money fairly." Stepping back, therefore, to the blind man, he gave him half of it; and, clapping him upon the shoulder at the same time, added, "Here are two shillings for thee, my blind Cupid, for which you are not indebted to me, but to a noble gentleman who stands within five yards of you; so get into harbor, and make yourself warm, and keep your *hum-strum* for fairer weather."—*Mackenzie.*

A YANKEE captain once sung out to a raw hand in a squall, "Let go that jib there!" "I ain't touchin' on't," bawled the down-easter.

A SCHOOLBOY calculated the value of the world at one dollar, because it contains four quarters.

ALL complain of want of memory, but none of want of judgment.

The Swiss Boy's Farewell.

WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

WITH FEELING.

Sweet River Rhone! sweet River Rhone! thou playmate of my earliest day,

I've wandered many a wea-ry mile, And yet along thy banks I stray.

Mount Furca now is far behind, — That cradle which we both have known, —

And this, they say, is France; but still I'm with a friend, sweet River Rhone!

I'm with a friend, whose every wave
Leaps gayly by my father's door;
And many a pleasing thought I've had
To see thee fret, and foam, and roar.

I've wondered, in my childish dreams,
If in thy tide some sky were thrown,
To make thy waters all so blue,
So like to heaven, sweet River Rhone

And now we've come together here
 By many a turn, through many a dell,
 O'er rock, and crag, and beetling wall,
 To part at last — to say farewell.
 We part, for thou must seek the sea,
 And go thy way, to me unknown;
 And I must on to Paris hie,
 As lost to thee, sweet River Rhone.

Farewell! nor deem them idle tears,
 That down my cheek unbidden flow;
 For now thou seem'st my dearest friend,
 Thou'rt linked with home and parents so.
 Farewell! but rest and ease shall be
 To these young limbs unsought, unknown,
 Till, blest with wealth, the Swiss return
 To home and thee, sweet River Rhone.

Autumn Thoughts.

This is a beautiful, bright October day,
 And the soft, white clouds in the sky are
 at play
 They float about with the pleasant gale,
 And cast their soft shadows o'er wood and vale.
 The sky and the earth are in loveliness clad,
 And the bright, warm sun looks down and is
 glad.
 Then, come, love, and roam in the woods
 with me,
 And see the new garb of each forest-tree.
 The maple has doffed its youthful green
 For a gorgeous robe of crimson sheen;
 And the beautiful beech is standing by
 In a robe of the Tyrian purple dye;
 The walnut-tree, in her golden gown,
 A thousand nuts is showering down;
 And the paler elm is drooping nigh —
 With its brilliant motes it may not vie
 In their autumn glory; but in the spring,
 When the first wild bird is on the wing
 To find its summer home at the north,
 Then the soft, green leaves of the elm come
 forth —
 The earliest one of the sleeping trees,
 To wake at the touch of the soft spring breeze.

See there, in varied colors shining,
 The graceful grape-vine round it twining,
 That glorious oak — it stands alone,
 Of all our trees the noblest one.
 Now listen to that gush of song
 That thrills those brilliant leaves among.
 Some bird, that seeks the southern shore,
 Whose voice till spring we hear no more,
 Is pouring forth his farewell lay,
 Ere to the south he hies away.

Fare ye well! I may not stay
 These northern woods to range.
 Though their hues are bright and gay,
 Though the breeze blows soft as May,
 Soon there comes a change.

Soon will come the sleet and snow,
 And the piercing blast,
 Changing all this brilliant glow
 To whitened ground and naked bough
 Its beauty may not last.

Far away o'er southern seas
 Now I take my flight,
 There to feel the soft, warm breeze
 Sport amid the orange-trees,
 And see the sunshine bright.

And when summer comes again,
 And snow and sleet are gone,
 You shall hear my joyous strain
 Ringing out o'er hill and plain,
 In my sweetest tone.

But here in the winter I may not dwell;
 I shiver already. Farewell — farewell!"

And off to the sunny south he flew;
 And I wished that we were going too.

Life.

LIFE is real, life is earnest,
 And the grave is not its goal:
 "Dust thou art — to dust returnest" —
 Was not spoken of the soul